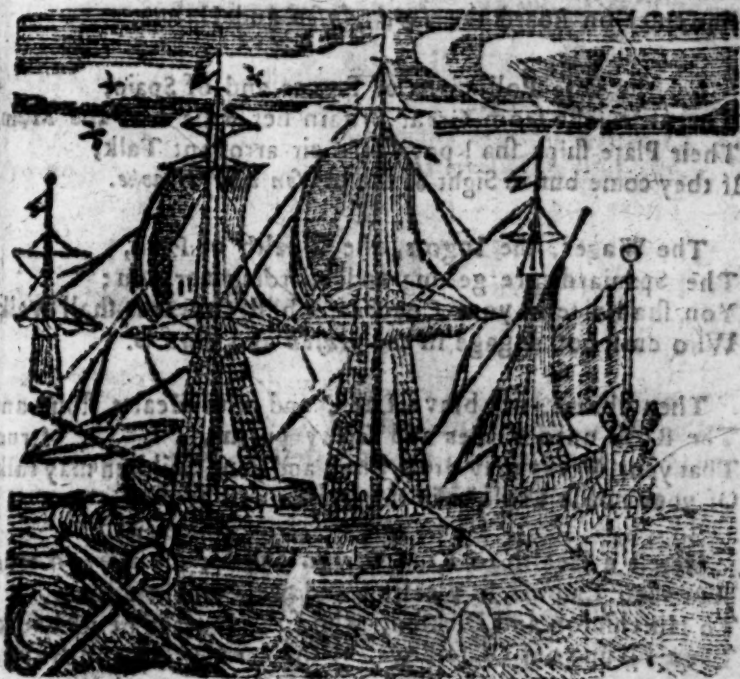


Lord ANSON'S
GARLAND,

Composed of four delightful

NEW SONGS.

1. Lord Anson and Haroko.
2. The Highlander's March to America.
3. Witly's the Lad for me.
4. Let me in this a'e Night.
5. The gallant Soldier.



Licensed and entered according to order.



Lord ANSON's GARLAND, &c.



Lord Anson and Hawke: A new Song.

YE brave British Sailors, true Sons of the Main,
Who Scorn to submit to the insults of Spain,
Leave to Landmen their politic Schemes and their Talk,
And enter on board the *Lord Anson and Hawke*.

Those two Noble Heroes, whose Names our Ships bear,
Made the Spaniards to tremble, the Frenchmen to fear;
Secure of Success then, your fortune ne'er baulk,
But enter on Board the *Lord Anson and Hawke*.

Let the wise Politicians of France and of Spain,
Threat to take from Great Britain her Rule o'er the Main,
Their Plate-ships shall pay for their arrogant Talk,
If they come but in Sight of the *Anson and Hawke*.

The Wages, the Ingots, the Wealth of Peru,
The Spaniards are getting and boarding for you;
You shall ride in your Coaches, whilst Cowards shall walk,
Who durst not engage in the *Anson and Hawke*.

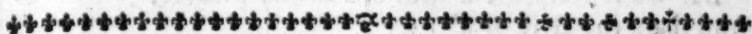
Then aboard, my brave Lads, and with Hearts stout and
The Road unto Riches and Glory pursue, (true,
That your Wives may dress fine, and your Children may talk,
Of your noble Exploits in the *Anson and Hawke*.

Here's a Health to King George, and his Consort so true,
May their Laurels sit pleasing and well on their Brow,
To Hutchinson and Dickson, who for Courage never baulk;
Then fill up your Glass Boys, to the *Lord Anson and Hawke*.
Huzza brave boys the Lord Anson and Hawke.

Hi h.



The Highlander's March to *America*:



H Onour call's to Arms Boys where Cannons they do Roar,
 Adieu to the Highl nds for we must leave the Shore;
 Our King he commands us and we must away
 For to fight the proud Frenchmen in *North America*.

We parted from *Glasgow* on the eleventh day of June,
 When the Trees and the Meadows was all in full Bloom;
 Some Thousands from the City to us came flocking down,
 And many a pretty Maiden convey'd us out of Town.

On a sudden an Express put many to Surprise.
 We parted with our Friends with Tears in our Eyes;
 Some ran to the Bridge, some to the Broomlaw,
 For to see our bonny Highland Laddies Marching awa'.

With Pipe and with Drums we marched along,
 The Road being wet, and the Night coming on;
 Some turn'd faint hearted and from us ran away,
 And durst not shew their Faces in *North America*.

But we are resolved to search the Country round,
 To seek those Deserters until they be found;
 There is five Pounds Reward for every Man,
 That ever yet thought to dishonor our Clan.

O the name of a Coward we highly disdain,
 For we are resolv'd to cross over the Main,
 For the honour of our Country our Swords we will draw,
 And shew them Highland Play in *North America*.

O the *French* like *Foxes* do lye in the *Wood*,
Great *Trenches* they make for to cover their *Heads*,
Among'th those *Negroes* we will venture our *Lives*,
We regard not their *Frowns*, nor yet their *scaping* & *nives*,

But we'll *Scalp* them with our *Broad Swords*,
And that's the *Best* of a
And we will shew them *Highland Play* in *North America*

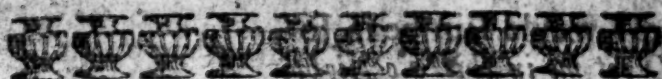
There was *Peggy*, *Kate*, and *Jenny*, came *Skipping* o'er
the *Plain*,
To follow their true *Lovers* was only their *Design*;
But *Peggy* says to *Jenny*, dear *Lassie* come away,
And let us try our *Fortune* in *North America*,

But when they came to *Greenock* their *Labour* prov'd in *vain*
For by our *Captains Orders* they were sent back again;
On hearing of this *Story* which griev'd them worst of a',
To think they could not *Sail* to *North America*,

Young *Peggy* cries we have money our *Passage* for to pay,
Dear *Captain* be not cruel but take us all away.
But he answer'd them with a *frown*, you must all go on *Shore*.
For our *Ship* is over crowded, and she can hold no more.

Some is gone to the *Highlands* the *Place* they were born,
And others gone to *Glasgow* to hold the *Maids* in *Scorn*;
Saying there is the *Lassie* that lately went away,
Intending to be a *Wife* in *North America*.

Now many a pretty *Maiden* may now rue their *March*,
That they left their father's *Houses* to follow the *Highland*
Watch;
For some has lost their *Maidenheads*, which is worst of a',
Which makes them to lament *North America*



A new Song call'd, Willy's the Lad for Me.

Since Jenny thinks mean her Heart's Love to deny,
And Peggy's uneasy when Harry's not by;
Ill own without blushing were all the World by,
That Willy's the Lad for me,
That Willy's the Lad, the Lad for mee,

He brought me a Wreath which his hand did compose,
Where the Dale loving Lilly was twined with the Rose,
Young Myrtle in Sprigs did the Border inclose,
And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me, &c.

These Ribbons of mine were his Gift at the Fair,
My Mother look'd cross, and said Jenny beware!
But dy'e think I regard her? not I, I declare,
And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me, &c.

Beneath a tall Beach, and reclin'd on his Crook,
I saw my young Shepherd—Oh! how sweet was his Look,
He ask'd for one kiss, but a Hundred he took,
And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me, &c.

Then what can I do, instruct me ye Maids,
When a Lover so kindly, so warmly invades;
Whose Silence as much as his Language persuades,
And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me,
And Willy's the Lad, the Lad for me.



A new Song call'd, Let me in this a'e Night.

OLassie art thou sleeping yet
Or is thou waking, I would wot,
For Love has bound me Hand and Foot,

And

And I would fain be in Jo.

O let me in this a'e Night,

This a'e Night this a'e Night,

O let me in this a'e Night,

And I'll ne'er come back again Jo.

The Morn is the Term-day,

I will away I cannot stay,

O put me before I gae,

And rise and let me in Jo.

O let me in, &c.

The Night is baith cauld and wet,

The Morn it will be Snaw and Sleet,

My Shoon are frozen to my Feet,

O rise and let me in Jo.

O let me in, &c.

I am the Laird of Windy-wa's,

I came na here without a Cause,

And I have gotten many Fa's,

Upon a naked Wame Jo.

O let me in, &c.

My Father walks the Street,

My Mother the Chamber Key doth keep,

The Chamber Door doth chirm and Cheep,

And dare not let you in Jo.

O gae your Ways this a'e Night,

This a'e Night, this a'e Night,

O gae your Ways this a'e Night,

I dare not let you in Jo.

But

But I'll come stealing fastly in,
 And cannily make little Din,
 And I the Gait to you will find,
 If you'll but let me in Jo.

O let me in, &c.

Cast off the Shoon fra' aff your Feet,
 Cast up the Door up to the Weet,
 Cast off the Shoon fra' aff your Feet,
 And then come creeping in Jo.

*O Well's on this a'e Night,
 This a'e Night, this a'e Night,
 O well's on me this a'e Night,
 That e'er I let you in Jo.*

She let him in sea cunningly,
 She let him in sea privily,
 She let him in sea privily,
 To do the Thing ve ken Jo.

O well's on me. &c.

But when a' was done and a' was said,
 Out fell the Bottom of the Bed,
 The Laffie look'd's her Nose had bled,
 Her minny heard the Din Jo.

*O wae's on me this a'e Night,
 This a'e Night, this a'e Night,
 O wae's on me this a'e Night,
 That e'er I let you in Jo.*

The Gallant SOLDIER.

THE Soldier disbanded, and forced to beg,
 May talk of his Wars, and his Sufferings so hard;
 But who seam'd o'er with Scars, and with never a Leg,
 His Wants we neglect, nor courage regard;
 And the Lass that is poor,
 If sent for a Whore,
 With Hemp and with Hammer, to make her Complaint;
 But if you have Money,
 All Honours are done you,
 A Coward's a Hero, a Whore is a Saint.

F I N I S.

